THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing, most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship."

THIS is the inimitable description, in the Acts of the Apostles, of pathetick incidents, which occurred in the parting interview, between St. Paul, and the elders of the Ephesian Church.

In my prior speculations, whenever I have mentioned the name of that great man, I have always expatiated, with a warmth, which I sincerely felt, upon the fine features of his moral and intellectual character. The strongest passions, and a most fervid imagination, he controlled by the science of self-government; and though he always felt warmly, he always spoke and acted wisely. He had all the learning of a scholar, the skill of a statesman, the manners of a courtier, the principles of a gentleman, and the piety of a hermit. In short, he was a Cavalier Christian, and one of Nature's Nobles. He was the phœnix, and paragon of primitive goodness. Noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!

The proofs of his learning and genius are discernible in every page of his annals. It is a curious circumstance, that he was not only educated by one of the most accomplished of the Jewish scholars, but that the place of his nativity was consecrated to Science and Art. Of his natal spot, he was justly proud, and sometimes alludes to his citizenship of Tarsus, with a patriot's exultation, and a scholar's complacency. The most accurate and authentick of the Greek geographers, Strabo, who, contemporary with Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, flourished in the golden age of Literature, and witnessed the production and perusal of many of those immortal pages, whose authours are canonized by the purest Taste, and the most rigid Criticism, says expressly, of the inhabitants of this learned metropolis, that they so

sedulously studied philosophy, and the whole circle of knowledge, as to *surpass Athens*, Alexandria, and any other place, where profound science and elegant letters were cultivated. In this other and better Athens, this OXFORD of Asia, disciplined by a Gamaliel, and assisted by brilliant parts, and constant application, St. Paul became one of the wisest men of the age. He was an admirable linguist, and an acute logician; and his genius, as an orator and a writer, is acknowledged, even by infidels. During his visits to Athens and Rome, the fairest cities in the world, enlightened by strong rays of Philosophy, and polished by all the refinement of liberal studies, he seems to be entirely at home, in the circles of literature and genius. The poetry, the philosophy, and the theology of the times are perfectly familiar to him. Over the subtlest of the sophists, his dexterity of disputation obtains many a signal triumph, and whether he harrangues before princes, or mean men, whether he is ardent and argumentative, before the Areopagus, or playful and familiar in the Forum, he seems to challenge the general applause. He was the Jewish Aristippus, and an Alcibiades might have learned new lessons of versatility from this compliant Cilician.

But, independently of his intellectual worth, there are many features in his moral character, which deserve the most careful contemplation. He was singularly intrepid indefatigable, industrious, affectionate, pious, charitable, and benevolent. With the courage of a soldier, he combines all the kindness of a woman, and though wise as a serpent, he is harmless as a dove. Of his patience of persecution, labour, sorrow, and adversity; of his affection for the sisters Humility and Content, let him, in permanent colours, delineate the lovely picture:

—"Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry might not be blamed, but in all things, approving ourselves, in much patience in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, and fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by THE COMFORTER, by love unfeigned, by the Word of Truth, by the DIVINE POWER, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet as true, as unknown, and yet well known, as dying, and behold! we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; AS POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH; AS HAVING NOTHING, YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS."

I cannot resist the temptation to remark incidentally, upon the conclusion of this round and rhetorical period, that it finely describes the independent spirit, and inexhaustible treasures of Genius, associated with Labour, and Learning. I have, in the works of some minor poet, read the following lines, which finely display the hidden treasures, and powerful resources of intellect:

He who has *treasures of his own*,
May leave a palace or a throne,
May *quit the world*, and *dwell alone*,
Within his SPACIOUS MIND.

But notwithstanding the ardour of his piety, and the variety of his learning, notwithstanding all his gifts of Reason, Imagination, and Eloquence, his opinions were misconstrued by the absurdity of some, and his life jeopardized by the malignity of others. The novelty, boldness, and unpalatableness of his doctrine were extremely offensive to the Pagan world. The captiousness of Philosophy cavilled at every line, and the Stoick frowned, or the Epicurean laughed at every precept! The persecution of Paul was exactly like that of every other great genius, who has the misfortune to be contemporary with Ignorance and Fanaticism. Moreover, the illiberal treatment that he received, was not, we are decidedly of opinion, from his attachment to Christianity. His superiour

talents and endowments provoked envy and hostility. By *an evil and an adulterous generation*, in certain execrable epochs, in the annals of mankind, the sunbeams of Truth and Genius are shunned as sedulously as the rays of the brightest luminary are blinked at by the opticks of an owl. When the great majority of any nation, in any age, have determined to be wrong, they, naturally, detest the man, who dares to tell them so, and who determines to be right. This was precisely the case of Paul. He was the votary of Reason and Truth. Of these powers, he was the ingenious and eloquent advocate. Hence, the hatred of Prejudice, the persecution of Party, the fury of blind zealots, the malevolence of the mad multitude, the bleating of the silly sheep, and the grunting of the stupid swine of society. These are vile principles, and viler sounds, and they are never more operative, than when a benefactor to the human race is to be hunted down as a victim. The fate of Paul, like that of an Archbishop in a more recent era, was, to be sacrificed at the shrine of Superstition.

Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets
the shock,
And fatal Learning brings him to the
block;
Around his tomb, let Art and Science
weep,
But hear his fate, ye blockheads, hear and
sleep.

In the decline of his apostolical labours, Paul has constantly a gloomy presentiment of his martyrdom at Rome. After numerous trials, and vexations, his patience and goodness are not yet exhausted; and he commences a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While he was hasting thither, mindful of his approaching dissolution, he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church. In a strain of manly, touching, and sublime eloquence, he here addressed them; and the passage to which we refer, is his valedictory oration, which is one of the most affecting, as well as elegant, of the speeches, that have been preserved, among the archives of Genius, and the rolls of Rhetorick. After a concise and rapid enumeration of his services to the Christian Church, he adverts to his future fate, but regards it with a steady eye, and avows the most implicit resignation. He will be a joyful martyr, if he perish in the cause of Truth. He assures his religious friends, that this is a *final* interview. He then seriously adjures them, to attest the purity of his innocence, the integrity of his motives, the perseverance of his industry, and the candour of his life. He warns them against the delusions of Infidelity, the heresies of Schism, and the spirit of Persecution. He recommends assiduity and vigilance in the discharge of their pious duties; and, justly cites himself, as an example of one, who was a punctilious and a watchful Mentor. He then benignantly and fervently commends them to the Divine Protection, and concludes with an eulogium on the virtues of Charity and Benevolence, and a declaration of his own entire disinterestedness, through the whole of his laborious career: He thus nobly describes his freedom from avarice, his patience of labour, and his generous spirit:

"I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves do know, *that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.* I have showed you all things, how that so labouring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord, how He said 'It is more blessed to give, than to receive."

When he had thus spoken, he reverently knelt down, and offered his orisons with those of the Christian sages. His recent address, his dignified manner, his affectionate tones, the remembrance of his glorious services, and his torturing afflictions, the melancholy foreboding of his unhappy doom, and the consciousness, that this was the *last time* that they

should listen to such an oratour, be taught by such a philosopher, and be edified by the example of such a saint, produced a burst of enthusiasm, affection, and regret. They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more.

This group of primitive Christians, thus exchanging these affectionate salutations, could not be perfectly delineated, even by the great masters in the schools of Painting. Nothing but the language of the text is adequate to the scene. While revolving the topicks of this imperfect essay in my mind, I at first thought, with too much presumption, that I might, possibly, sketch something like a paraphrase. But this was a vain imagination. No artist can give a brighter tint to the violet, than its own azure. We cannot redden the rose, nor teach musick to the nightingale. The most flaring flambeau would fade before the radiance of a star, and the most polished periods of Plato halt after the language of inspiration. Nothing can brighten the everlasting colours in this historical picture of Paul and his companions, bidding each other an eternal farewell. If there was ever a tole able resemblance of a scene so pathetick, it may be found in the gallery of SHAKSPEARE. It is a miniature, but as might be expected from that genius, the colours are perennial and the imitation exquisite.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
And even there, his eye *being big with tears*.
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wondrous sensible,
He *wrung* Bassanio's hand.

For The Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

Continued from page 28.

Young Anthes, the brother of Myrilla, having joined us, he proposed a walk, to which we assented. We strolled, for sometime, about the streets of Athens: at length, we bent our steps towards the environs of the city, and, in a few minutes, arrived at a delightful spot, on the banks of the Ilyssus, without the walls, where it was believed that Boreas had seized the nymph Orythya, and taken her from her companions, who were disporting in the river.*

Here we sat down, and Anacreon continued the conversation he had commenced. He was endeavouring to convince our young companion of the benefit to be derived from a taste for reading; † " which can only be estimated" he said, " by those who possess it. Books are not only va-

* Paus. nb cap. 2.

† The spirit of this country is so truly mercantile, that no pursuit is regarded, which has not wealth for its object: and a life of study is generally derided, as a life of idleness. Yet to a contemplative mind, it is pleasing to reflect upon the manner, in which some of the wisest and best men passed their days.

I converse, as usual, says the poet Gray, in a letter to his friend, Mr. West, with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. *I have drank and sung with Anacreon, for the last fortnight;* and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus.

In a letter to Minutius Fundanus, Pliny writes, " in my pleasing retreat, at Laurentum, I neither hear nor speak any thing, of which I have occasion to repent. There I live, undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solicitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! more, perhaps, to be desired, than employments of any other kind! Thou solemn and solitary shores! best, and most retired scenes for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have ye inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the tumultuous city, with all its frivolous pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to indolence."

I have selected these pictures, and could adduce many other instances of literary leisure, to prove that such a life is the only one that is free from the vexatious cares which distract us in the world. To the female

luable as a source of amusement, but they may be esteemed as our best instructors, next to experience, through life. Oral advice loses its influence through a variety of causes. The teacher's delicacy too often induces him to spare the feelings of one, who has rendered himself obnoxious to reproof; and the pupil, in return, will contemn the precepts of him, whose moral character is not superiour to his own. But that advice, which is presented to us by the pen of the moralist, is devested of all personal considerations. He need not be penurious of censure, who knows not whom it will offend; nor will the false pride of another be wounded, who forms resolutions of amendment in the obscurity of his own closet. Ethological works constitute a sort of altar, where the ingenuous student may confess his faults; and if he turn not away from the vestibule, he may become virtuous, before the world shall know that he has been vitious.

"It is the peculiar advantage of this enjoyment, that it is not indebted either to time or place, for the fascination it possesses"

Whether the student trim his midnight lamp, amid the tumult and smoke of the city, or indulge his fancy, beneath the shade of beechen boughs, let him be surrounded by his books, and his pleasure is still the same. They have power to dispel the gloom of distress, by lifting up the discontented countenance, and brightening the heavy brow with cheerfulness. What is more delightful, my dear Anthes, than to know, that in every vicissitude of fortune, to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend? In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the tumults of joy, books teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebullitions of mirth.

"With such a taste, properly regulated, we are constantly surrounded with companions, who never leave us, and return with alacrity, at our call. They inform, amuse, and instruct; by describing the habits and manners of various countries, they teach us, how kingdoms have been subverted, and heroes exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocrisy of the patriot; and if we would listen to the voice of the Muses, we may be conducted to fragrant bowers, where they whisper their sweetest inspirations.§"

"Ah!" replied Anthes, "if my genius were so happily versatile as yours, I would cheerfully leave the merry carousal, for the retired shades

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mind, some taste for literature I consider, as indispensably necessary. It is a sight worthy of the contemplation of angels, to see the mild beams of the moon gently sleeping on the female cheek. All nature is then serene, like her own thoughts, and bright, like the lustre of her own liquid eye. Such is the influence of literature, upon the female mind. It invigorates the affections, and dispels the gloom of discontent. It cherishes the sensibility, and fortifies the virtue of woman. Unclouded by the mists of ignorance, and unsullied by the pestilential breezes of flattery, the mind of a sensible woman is irradiated by those soft tints, which shine but to diffuse the sweets of cheerfulness, and inspire the joys of tranquillity. Formed, as women are, to blunt the sharp stings of adversity, to extract its venom, from the wounds of misfortune, and add new charms to the pleasures of prosperity, no service can be too indefatigable, no fealty too obedient. It should be the studious care of every one to burnish bright those golden links, which bind society together, and the authour of this work, while he looks forward with eager solicitude, to the reception, which his labours may experience, from female readers, whose improvement and pleasure he has sedulously consulted, hesitates not to confess, that the cheering smile of female approbation will be more flattering to his feelings, than the warmest applause of criticism.

§ Selden, an old Lawyer, whose sterling sense is not less valuable for being obscured by the rust of Black-Letter, has said, that patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men, by much reading, gains this chiefest good,—that, in all fortunes, he *hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.*

of the Academus, and return to the song, and the cup, after having listened to the philosopher. I am deeply impressed with the truth of your observations, but, unfortunately, when I would pursue the path, which prudence dictates, some envious demon steps in to allure me, by irresistible temptations, from my duty. I cannot fight against Fate."

"You mistake, my friend—you are not required to contend with your destiny; you are asked to control or subdue your inclinations. Your rank and your wealth may one day place you in the Council of the Amphictyons, where you must deliberate upon questions of the highest moment, to the interest and safety of your country. It is therefore, incumbent upon you, to discipline your mind to wisdom, and not suffer it to be enervated by idleness and dissipation."

"Well," said Anthes, I will endeavour to abandon all gaming,‖ and abstain from the other modes of dissipation, in which I have been immersed."

Anacreon exhorted him to persevere in this resolution, and thus their conversation ended.

Of all the people in Greece, none are now more infected with the vice of gaming than the Athenians. Immoderate in their desires, and extravagant in their pleasures, no publick calamity, or domestick misfortune prevents them from the indulgence of this propensity. At the most critical juncture of affairs, are they to be seen roving on the banks of Strymon diverting themselves with rash bets, on the combats of cocks or quails.

In order to evade the rigour of the Areopagus, they retire to places beyond the jurisdiction of the police of the capitol. Thus, by bribes to the Demarchs,¶ they obtain safe asylums at Phaleris and Sciron. At these places, and at the Symposia of the Eranes* did this young man

‖ In the *Palamedes* of M. Sauter may be found a very copious list of the Grecian Games, which were numerous. See also the treatise of M. de Pauro, on the *Alea veterum;* as well as in the *Grecia ludibunda.* There is no doubt, but that dice were known among the ancients. Meursden, who was a most laborious compiler, in his *Lud. Græc.* mentions them. So does Æschyl. in Agam. v. 33. Plat. de Rep. lib. 6. The Abbe Barthelemy mentions, that M. de Pieresc had in his possession, an antique calendar, ornamented with drawings. At the month of January, was a representation of a man, holding a dice-box, in the act of throwing the dice into a sort of tower, which is placed on the edge of a chequer board. It may be added, that the portico of Minerva, at Phaleris, is celebrated, as the principal scene of Grecian gambling.

¶ The Δημαρχοι were the chief officers of the Δημοι, or boroughs, of which Attica was divided into one hundred and seventy-four. (Eustath. note on Iliad B. Strab. l. 9.) Their duty was, to assemble the people under their jurisdiction, whose names were registered, and preside at the election of senators and magistrates, chosen by lot. Sometimes they were called Ναυκραφοι and the boroughs Ναυκραριαι being obliged, besides two horsemen, to fit out one ship for the publick. See Har. Græc. Antiq. 33.

* The greater part of the Athenians belonged to particular societies, called *Eranes* which contributed both to the increase of patriotism and luxury. Each member was obliged to deposit a certain sum of money in the common treasury, and this was destined for the relief of associates, who laboured under particular misfortunes, such as inability, either in the payment of a fine, or the maintenance of credit, at a critical moment. But as soon as circumstances would permit of such an arrangement, they were obliged to refund the principal sums, without, however, being liable to either discount, or interest. Harpocrat, at the word ΕΡΑΝΙΣΤΗΣ

These assemblies, often tumultuous, were sometimes subject to serious disorders. Either the directors accused the members of violating their engagements, and neglecting to pay the stipulated quota, at the expiration of each month, or they, in return, were reproached with the crime of enriching themselves, at the expence of the society, by certain stratagems, which the Greeks termed *subtilties* but which we should call *frauds.* On this account, the Athenians, who had already established one tribunal for the Theatre, and another for *good sayings*, added a third to decide the disputes of the Eranists. This tribunal had

sacrifice all the fine ornaments of a luxuriant mind, and the domestick peace of a domestick family. His mistress eclipsed all the conrtesans of Athens, in the sumptuous magnificence of her car, and the rare beauty of the milk-white steeds, by which she was drawn. His Eschatiæ† or villas, were decorated with the finest paintings, and statues, by which the appearance of the lofty trees, that nodded from the summit of the hills, and the humble streams, that murmured through the vallies, was delightfully diversified. But his favourite retirement was at a spacious house, which he had erected on the brow of Hymettus. This is a spot, where the bounty of Nature appears to have lavished every thing, that can inspire the mind with cheerfulness. The towering pinnacle of the mountain commands an extensive view of the greater part of the continent of Greece, that wearies the eye with wonder. Near its base may be distinctly seen the streets of Athens, and the path to the very gates of Eleusis, through a row of statues and mausoleums, dedicated to the memory of heroes, and ancient temples consecrated to the worship of the gods. Beyond the city, the innumerable isles that rise in the ocean, and are scattered along the western coast of Attica, are faintly distinguished from the billows, that lash their shores: the spectator beholds fleets of vessels, fluttering their white sails to the wind, and turning the waves on either side, as they direct their course around the mountain, to the ports of Ægina, Corinth, or the harbour of Piræus.

There the avarice of Nature is never experienced; but all that can delight the eye, or gratify the sense, almost spontaneously, issues from the willing earth. The busy hum of the bee inculcates the happiness of easy industry, and the warblings of birds inspire the melody of poetry.

Hither the companions of Anthus often retired, to avoid the severity of the Philosophers, and to riot in the luxuries of wealth. They introduced their nocturnal orgies, with a plenteous supper, at which the choi-

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a particular code of laws, which was called 'EP IKOI NOMOI.

Their nocturnal feasts were called symposia. De Pauw, *Recherch. sur les Grecs.* It is presumed, that such characters as are mentioned by Critias, only attended the banquets.

† The Eschatiæ were rural retreats, upon the improvement of which vast sums were expended by the Athenians. There were many where the vine and the olive were cultivated, and every art was employed to ripen vegetables before their natural period of maturity. Some of these possessions are said to have exceeded forty stadia or four miles in circumference. There remains a very minute account of one, which was situated in the canton of Citheron, at the foot of Mount Parnes. Its annual produce according to successive estimates amounted to five talents and sixteen minæ, or somewhat less than five thousand dollars.—Demost. Plead. against Phersippus.

Exclusive of establishments destined principally to agricultural pursuits, the different vallies contained many others which were consecrated only to pleasure. That of Herodius Atticus was considered by the ancients, as, of all others, the most romantick and enchanting. It was watered by several streams which descended from the brow of Mount Pentelichus and murmured amid venerable woods that darkened their windings through the vale, until they emptied into the great Cephisus in the vicinity of Athens. Spacious vistas were screened from the rays of the sun by the foliage of lofty trees; and while the eye reposed on rich verdure, the ear was charmed with the melody of birds, or soothed by the dying cadence of a distant echo. Even at this day many fragments of inscriptions have been found there; and such ornaments were, in general, but too numerous from that spirit of excess which was so prevalent among the Greeks.—Aul. Gell. Att. Noct. Philost. The Marbles of Oxford; De Pauro.

It was the sight of this expensive luxury in which the Senators, the Archons, and the Areopagites, were equally involved, that induced Pericles to exclaim:

"Citizens of Athens! you have banished every generous sentiment, and are occupied alone in erecting works to increase the ostentation of your gardens.—Thucyd. lib. 11.

cest viands allured the taste, and the mellow wines of Lesbos exhilarated the brain.* Courtesans and female dancers were admitted to these Bacchanalian rites, and singers rehearsed, in thrilling measures, the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(Continued from page 19.)

After having made these few remarks upon the Oriental images, it will be proper to say something of the figures which they produce. We will not enlarge upon the simple metaphors, as the dew of liberality, the sweet flavour of reputation, since not only the writings of the orientals are filled with them, but they are also common among other nations. The Asiatick similitudes are in general very fine and very striking, as that of violets sparkling with dew; the blue eyes of a beautiful girl in tears; of a warriour advancing at the head of his troops, with an Eagle cleaving the air and piercing the clouds with his impetuous wings;* but we ought not to omit a noble train of comparisons which an Arabian Poet makes in the description of the horse, the greatest part of which are grand and sublime in the highest degree. He compares the hair which falls upon the forehead of his coursers to the locks of a maiden dishevelled by the wind: his back, to a rock which has been polished by a torrent, which falls incessently; his tail, to that of the robe of a bride, which negligently droops; his sides, to those of a Leopard, his neck, to the high Palmtree under which the Traveller lights a fire in the hope of succour; his front, to the relievo of a shield which the Artist has made round and even; his nostrils, to the den of the Hyena; the hair of his legs, to the feathers of a black Eagle disordered by the wind; his pace to the swiftness of a Roebuck who deceives the address of the Hunter; his gallop, to a cloud which passes swiftly over one valley to shed its rain upon another, his form, to that of a green grasshopper arising from a marsh.

The Allegory or chain of metaphors is very common among the Persian and Turkish authours, as for example, "When the whirlwind of fear had torn the sail of their understanding, and the deluge of despair had sunk the vessel of tneir hope, that they might be able to emerge from the gulph of danger, and arrive at the port of safety, they turned the helm of flight and unfurled the sails of a precipitate retreat."

As to the mystical allegories and concealed sense which some writers pretend to have in the love poems of the Persians, what they say concerning them is so incredible and so absurd, that it is useless to support the subject. Let the reader judge if the following ode can have any other meaning than that which it obviously presents.

"It is now the season of Roses, my companions, let us abandon our hearts to joy,
This is the advice of Sages and old men: let us no longer differ from it,
At present, all is gay, but the lovely season quickly passes away,
Let us sell the Sacred carpets upon which we kneel down to pray, and let us buy wine,
The air is sweet, and invites to pleasure: Oh Heaven! send us some lively and wanton Beauties, with whom we may drink this rose coloured wine.
String the Lyre. Fortune abuses worthy men;
But, since we contemn her, why should we not enjoy ourselves?
The Roses flourish around us, Let us fill, let us fill with this agreeable liquor,

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* They compare the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of Jessimine, their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail stones and snow drops, their eyes to the flowers of the Narcissus, their curled hair to black Scorpions, and to Hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow, their shape to that of Pine trees, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm tree or a javelin, &c.

That we may extinguish the flames of Love and desire which consume us,
Oh Hafiz ! it would be strange that some one could say, that we who are Nightingales remain silent during the season of Roses."

The last strophe makes an allusion to the custom which the Persian poets have to compare themselves always to the Nightingale, and to the Fable so well known in the east of the amours of the Nightingale and the Rose.

The light and playful tone which presides in this ode, certainly does not agree with the ideas of piety and devotion which many commentators are willing to draw from the Allegories upon the sensual pleasures.

The Asiatick poets love, in the utmost degree, to personify abstract terms, and to endow inanimate beings with the voice of reason. They are particularly pleased to address themselves to insensible objects, to call them to sympathize in their pains or to partake of their joy, in ordering them to carry their messages to those whom they love ; in comparing their beauties and perfections to the charms with which they are smitten, as Hafiz does in this elegant ode.

" Oh sweet Zephyr ! thou bringest with thee, the balmy odour of the object of my love, from whom thou hast received this scent of musk ;
But take heed, do not steal, what hast thou to do with her beautiful tresses ?
Oh rose ! what art thou when compared to her brilliant face ? she is musk itself, and thou art clothed with thorns.
Oh Florid buds ! what are ye when compared to her cheeks ? they are always fresh, and ye quickly pass away.
Oh Narcissus ! how art thou to be compared to her languishing eyes, which dart the sweet rays of love ? thou art pale and extinguished.
Oh Pine ! which wavest in our Gardens, what comparison is there betwixt thee and her stature ?
Oh my Soul ! what would'st thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love ?
Come dear object of my love, come, rejoice by thy charming presence the afflicted Hafiz, if it be only for a day.†

† This little Song is not unlike a Sonnet ascribed to Shakspeare, which deserves to be cited here as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide :
" Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells.
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed."
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair :
A third, nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But scent or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Shakspeare's P...

After this short review of the oriental poetry in general we will consider it in the different subjects of which it treats, and which produce these six heads, Military virtues, Love, Grief, Instruction, Censure, and Praise. The authour flatters himself that it will not be impossible for him to accommodate the sentiments and expressions of the Orientals to the heart and ear of the Europeans; above all, when he reflects that the poetical passages of the Sacred Writings are regarded as comprehending the greatest beauties ; that what we most admire in Shakspeare and Spencer are their exalted and sometimes, even gigantick images : in fine, that the writings of Pindar, and the precious fragments of the Lyrical poets which remain to us, have been the admiration of all ages, and have the strongest resemblance to the Arabian and Persian Poetry. It is, nevertheless, true, that in the Oriental compositions there are beauties which cannot be discerned in a literal translation, any more than the graces of the Greek Poems can be in the Latin versions; they both then, rather resemble the extravagant ideas and incoherence of Lunaticks.

Notwithstanding these encomiums upon the Asiatick works, our design is not to derogate from the merit of the Greek poets; on the contrary, we

believe that the excellencies of the former, consist principally in their resemblance to the latter. But it is so natural to write with zeal and vivacity, upon that branch of Literature in which we have had the good fortune to make the first considerable discoveries.

It is a surprising truth that the European poetry has subsisted so long a time with the perpetual repetition of the same images, and the continual allusion to the same fables with which we are obliged to fill our compositions, because from infancy our memory is charged with them, from having read only the same authours and the works of three thousand years.

If the precious volumes of the orientals which are preserved in the invaluable Libraries of Paris, Leyden, Oxford, Vienna, and Madrid were published with the customary advantages of notes and explications; if the Oriental languages were taught in our Universities, in place of that Art which Locke and Lord Chancellor Bacon regarded as so useless, a new field would be opened for our contemplation; we should penetrate further into the history of the human heart; our mind would be provided with a new collection of images and comparisons: we should find many excellent compositions make their appearance upon which future Criticks might exercise themselves, and which succeeding poets might imitate.

SECTION II.

On the Heroick Poetry of the Eastern Nations.

The Arabs have no poems that we can properly call heroick, they have indeed histories which are ornamented with all the graces of poetry. In these histories we find images of which the features are marked and bold, lively expressions, the most beautiful descriptions, and sentiments terminating with words of the same sound. The following is an example taken from the history of Tamerlane, written by Abou Arabchah, where this authour, in a flowery description, compares the army of this Prince to the spring.

"When Nature, like a skilful handmaid, deck'd the earth with the ornaments of a new bride, that the groves might retake their shining verdure; the victorious troops covered the country, and passed like dragons over the plains. Their warlike musick resembled the thunder which the clouds of the Spring inclose, and their coats of mail, shone like the dazzling splendour of the Lightning. Their massy shields covered them like the Rainbow suspended over the mountains. Their lances and javelins were agitated like the branches of young trees and shrubs. Their scymetars shone like Meteors, and the cry of the army was like the noise of the bursting of a cloud. The banners resplendent in the air, were like Anemones, and the tents resembled the trees laden with gilded buds. The army spread itself like a torrent, and undulated like the branches of a forest, torn off by the tempest. Tamerlane, at the head of his troops, advanced towards Samarcand across verdant groves, strewed with odoriferous flowers and myrtle. Joy was his companion, Gayety his conductress, Contentment the friend of his heart, and Success his inseparable follower."

Of such histories not being considered as poems, even among the Arabians, we will say no more, but proceed to the writings of the Persians and Turks.

These two nations have an infinite number of poems on the exploits and adventures of their famous warriours, but these poems being filled with extravagant fables, are rather considered as Romances and Tales than as heroick poems. The works of Ferdusi alone can justly claim this title: they continue the history of Persia from Caioumarats to Anouchirvan in a succession of very beautiful poems. This collection bears the name of Shahnamah and almost the half of each volume contains an entire poem on a great and interesting action of the war between Afrasiab, King of Touran, or the country to the north of the Oxus, and the Sultans of Iran, or Persia, of the Race of Cainides.

Afrasiab had invaded the Persian empire, over which he pretended to have a right to reign as the descen-

dant of Feridoun. He was assisted by the Emperour of the Indies and by that of China, as well as by all the Demons, Giants, and Enchanters of Asia. He had carried his conquests very far and had rendered himself formidable to the Persians, when Rustem, prince of Zablestan, the Achilles or rather the Hercules of the East, marched at the head of his troops against the usurper, and by his great actions, rendered vain all the snares of the magicians, defied the Dragons and Monsters, vanquished the confederate Emperours, and put an end to the war by the death of Afrasiab.

This poem is as long as the Iliad: it can be divided into twelve cantos, of which each may be distinguished by the principal events it contains; as the adventures of Rustem, the death of Sohareb, the history and death of Siaveche, the actions of divers heroes, those of Tus Nudar, the exploits of Rustem, the amours of Pajan and Maniza, the history of Barzeus, the Stratagems of the enchantress Sevizan, the exploits of Gudarz, and the death of Afrasiab.

The first Canto commences with the decription of Rustem, followed by some interesting adventures, among which, is not forgotten that of the Hero's horse called Bakkche, or Lightning, who protecting the sleep of his master, killed a Lion, who had sprung from the forest to devour him.

In the second Canto is a tender and affecting Episode, of which this is the subject: Rustem, traveiling under a borrowed name, had found the means to seduce a young Princess, whom shame had afterwards caused to expose the fruit of this unhappy amour. Sohareb, which is the name of this forsaken infant, not knowing his parents enters into the service of Afrasiab, is advanced by this king to the first dignity of the army, and at last sent to fight against Rustem, who does not discover him to be his son, until after having mortally wounded him.*

* See Ossian' Poem, the story of Carthon is nearly the same.

The ten other Cantos are equally excellent and diversified by agreeable events. A profusion of learning has been lavished by some Criticks in comparing Homer with the Epick Poets who have followed him, but not much discernment is necessary to decide that he never has been equalled. This great man. the father of the Sciences and of Greek Poetry, had a genius too fertile and too excursive to have suffered any striking beauties of nature to escape his observations, and the poets who succeeded him have scarely done any thing but copy his ideas and new clothe them in their descriptions — Thus, whatever elegance and refinement we may find in the modern works, the inventive genius of Homer has always continued to be without a rival. We do not then pretend to assert that the Persian poet is equal to the Grecian, but certainly there is a great resemblance between these two extraordinary men. Both of them have drawn their images from Nature herself, and have not caught them by reflection; not depicting as the modern poets, the resemblances of a resemblance; and both possessed, in the highest degree, that fecundity of invention, that creative genius which is the very soul of poetry.

It will not be foreign to the purpose, to show, in this place, some of the beauties of Ferdusi, in the different chiefs, fables, characters, descriptions, and expressions. We will say nothing of the probable fables, because we have spoken enough of them in explaining the subject of the work. As to the Allegorical Fables, they afford very little to the ornaments of the Shanama unless the adventures of Rustem with the magician in the first book, and the Allurements of the blue pavilion in the tenth, be regarded as allegories of the same nature with the cup of Circe in the Odyssy. Among the number of the marvellous fables of this Poem, we ought to reckon the supernatural faculty of speech given to the horse of Rustem, and a dragon, and the engine of Simorg or Griffin Fairy who

is represented as a beneficent being and the great protector of the Persian hero.

It is from this Griffin, so often, introduced in the Eastern Romances, that Ariosto has probably borrowed his Hypogriffin :* Our Fairies and Genii without doubt are derived from the Peris and Dives of the Persians, and our country of the Fairies is the copy of their Peristan and Chadukam. It is probable that these fictions were brought into Europe by the Moors and from them received into the Spanish romances.

The characters of Ferdusi are not so various as those of Homer, but they are not less well conceived and supported. Rustem is represented as a prodigy of strength, courage, and wisdom ; Tus Nudar as a cautious and prudent general ; Gudarz, as an old and experienced commander ; Pajan as a young and amorous hero, replete with valour and intrepidity ; the three kings of Persia as wise and virtuous monarchs, and Afrasiab as a bold and guilty usurper. There are many other characters in this poem of different persons of both sexes, in which we always find the men particularly remarkable for their bravery ; and the women for their beauty and tenderness, except Temeina and Sudaba ; the former being no less celebrated for her courage and unfortunate love, than the latter for her dissolute manners and hatred to a young prince her son-in-law. The discourse of each personage is perfectly adapted to their different characters, and varied according to their different manners and inclinations. To give an example of it we will here relate what the poet causes Sam Neriman a famous warriour, and Father of Rustem, to say in the relation which he gives of his exploits to the King of Persia ;

" The King arose from his throne of Ivory which sparkled with rubies and emeralds, and upon his head shone the Royal Diadem. He gave the most favourable reception to the hero, and addressing him with mild language made him sit down by his side. He spoke to him of the wolves of battle, of the Lions of combat, and of the Giants of Mazenderan. He asked him many eager questions, to which the warriour thus replied. May the King live forever in joy and prosperity ; vain be the designs of the wicked against him. I arrived at the city of the Giants, who are more rapacious than the lions, and swifter than the coursers of Arabia. They call their troops Saksar, and they advance like Tigers of war. At the news of my approach a confused murmur arose among them. As we passed through the city, our enemies trembled and their days were obscured. Nevertheless their troops sallied and spread themselves upon the hills and in the vallies. The Grandson of the great Salm rushed forward like a wolf: his name was Kerkin, and his figure was as tall as a Cypress. He descended by his mother from Zohak, and the most fierce chiefs of his army were as atoms, when compared to him. His troops were more numerous than the ants or the Summer flies, than the fragments of a rock, or the sand of the shore. When the clouds of dust arose from beneath the feet of the enemy's army, the cheeks of our heroes were covered with paleness. With a single stroke of my battle axe I made myself a passage through the hostile ranks. My courser trampled the enemy under foot, with the fury of an Elephant ; and the earth was agitated like the waves of the Nile. Then courage returned to my soldiers and they were fired with the ardour of combat. When Kerkin heard my voice, and the sound of my mortiferous mace he cast himself upon me like an hideous Elephant. He threw his twisted running-noose after my horse and I began to fear some danger. I armed myself with my regal bow, and with an arrow of white poplar headed with steel. I shot my arrows winged like the Eagles, and I let fly my darts like the flames of a consuming fire. My bow was so powerful that I almost nailed his casque to his brain upon the anvil of his head. I saw him advance like a roaring Lion, holding in his hand an Indian Scymetar. I saw him advance, Oh King! with such a fury that the mountains themselves cried to him, Oh ! do not oppress us! He darted forward whilst I remained firm and was prepared for him. When he was within my reach, I drew back my hand, I seized the bold warriour by his girdle and tore him from his saddle with the strength of a Lion ; I cast him upon the earth, and cut off his head with my keen-edged sabre. When the chief of the army was dead, the enemy's troops turned their back to the field of battle ; vallies and hills, rocks and deserts were covered with their affrighted and flying Legions."

(To be Continued.)

† See Orlando Furioso, Book ii. iv. vi. vii. x. xi.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The enclosed lines, extracted from a manuscript poem, were composed among the scenes which they describe; on the romantick banks of the Kaskaskia, near its confluence with the Mississippi. Dr. Johnson has somewhere remarked, that "a poem which *pleases many*, must have merit;" if this test were infallible, the production in question would certainly not shrink from Criticism. The effusions of Sir Richard Blackmore, however, and even the doggrel of Sternhold and Hopkins would probably claim the "meed of praise," on similar grounds. Indeed, we know, that one of the least successful of Sir Richard's performances was honoured with the unqualified approbation of Molyneux and Locke; names of no mean celebrity, in literary history. Without venturing, therefore to offer an opinion, as I am myself no poetess, you must be responsible to the criticks, if you think the ensuing extract entitled to a place in your elegant Repository of polite Literature.

The authour, when he wrote this poem, had passed his infancy, and part of his youth amid the rude scenery, of which it is descriptive.

"He knew each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of that wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,"

but he knew little more; for Science had not yet unfolded to his eye

Her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time;"

his verses, therefore, seldom present us with a classical allusion; and if they have any merit, it must consist in the fidelity, with which they paint natural objects, in the order in which Nature has arranged them; an excellence, you will perhaps say, which any schoolboy of common observation might easily attain. Should they be deemed worthy of insertion, you may, occasionally, be troubled with further communications, from

The officious

LESBIA.

Or if, when Spring, unlocking all her flowers,
With clustering roses, decks her honied bowers;
Of youthful Nature fond, the sunny dale,
Delight thee more, or long withdrawing vale;
Or many a mountain, drest in misty blue,
Or many a wood and field of varied hue;—
Come, and ascend this oak-crowned hill with me,
From care and strife, and noise and folly free;
Or pensive still, pursue thy devious way,
Where deepening forests scarce admit the day,
Or from some moss-clad rock's projecting height,
Whence oft the Eagle takes his airy flight,
Gaze on the varying landscape, stretched beneath,
The mead's rich verdure, or the barren heath,
The boundless Prairee, melancholy glade,
Or nodding forest's dreary depth of shade,
Where gloom supernal reigns, and wakes the mind,
To solemn thought, with secret awe combined,
Where oft, at noon of night, are dimly seen
Pale shadowy shapes,‡ that seem to glide between
The age-worn trees, perhaps the ancient race,
The Heroes of the Wood, still fondly trace
These sacred haunts, and linger in the grove,
Where erst they sung of war, or dreamed of *Love*,
There, where the opening gloom invites the day,
Kaskaskia, willow-crowned, with sweet delay
Steals gently on, her native wilds among,
By no muse honoured, by no poet sung;
But dear to me, for many a fleeting hour,
And dear to all, who bow to Nature's power.

When rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
And pales the star that ushers in the night,
Thoughtful, on thy green banks, Oh! gentle stream,
Oft have I watched the fire-fly's frequent gleam;
Or, pensive o'er the lawn, at noon of day,
Pursued, with lingering step, my weary way,

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‡ The superstitious Creole natives believe that the ghosts of the Indians haunt those parts of the forest, where their remains are deposited.

To doze unseen amid the forest shade,
Quiet and cool, for studious leisure made;
And there, when Morpheus ruled the solemn hour,
Thy *Genius* came, with spells of mighty power,
And bade of airy dreams, a magick train,
Arise prophetick of thy future reign.
Beneath the aged elms, upon the green,
(For Mem'ry oft recalls the unreal scene)
Where tribes of flowers, in gay profusion, rise,
And breathe their mingled fragrance to the skies,
Thy rural swains, in wildly pensive lays,
At evening sung their loves of other days,
And oft in louder strains, invoked thy name,
The cherished witness of their former flame.
The gloomy desert echoed to their song,
The hills and craggy cliffs responsive rung.

And ah! the day shall come, when many a maid
Oppressed with love, shall seek thy silent shade,
And tell, with artless tears, her love to thee,
And sigh, and wish her heart again was free;
And roving oft, thy willow groves among,
Charmed by the sweetness of thy murmuring song,
Starting, believe that Nature feels her pain,
And pitying, echoes back her sighs again.
The king of floods, there Mississippi roars,
Majestick forests frown along his shores—
Where mid entangling brakes, the night-wolf howls,
And keen for prey, the hungry panther prowls.
And there, ere Europe's sons usurped the plain,
Ere great Columbus daring ploughed the main,
The mammoth, awful tyrant of the wood,
The ruthless mammoth banquetted in blood;
"Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave,"
From whose dread fangs no earth-born power could save,
Man fled before him, on th' ensanguined plain,
The warriour tribes opposed and bled in vain.
Earth groaned beneath him, as he moved along;
The herds retired, a piteous mournful throng,
Expiring victims strewed the pathless way,
And mangled heaps, in wild confusion lay;
Man, helpless man, bewailed the havock made,
Addressed the skies, implored ethereal aid;
The Power Eternal heard the humbled world,
And the dire monster from creation hurl'd.

INDIANUS.

MORTUARY.

DIED, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 8th December, 1807, MATTHEW BACKUS, Esquire, a native of Connecticut, but for some years past resident at Marietta. While the merest mass of clay, distinguished neither by the torch of genius, nor for any extraordinary virtue, is not permitted to pass on to oblivion, without some tribute of surviving affection, some eulogium of partial friendship, it would be unjust indeed to suffer this excellent man to depart from us with no acknowledgement of his worth, no regret at his loss. A friend who well knew and dearly estimated his value, begs to place this testimony of remembrance upon the pages of The Port Folio.

Mr. Backus after receiving, and really imbibing an education of the best kind, afforded by this country, adopted the Law for his profession. His success was by no means equal to his merit. This disappointment may be accounted for by an ease and indolence of disposition, which made him averse to the labour and drudgery necessary, in the commencement of practice. To this may be added an acute and painful sensibility, an embarrassing diffidence which constantly impeded his efforts to establish himself in the manner he desired. He was utterly incapable of descending to any mean or politick measures for advancement, or of using the services of the unworthy. His profession never had his cordial affection, and he had not ambition enough to warm this coldness to it. Literature and social intercoure were the objects of his fondness; the sources of all his enjoyments. While he could indulge in these, he thought nothing of station or wealth. His mind was rich-

ly stored with the various productions of taste and genius, and his means of communicating them were so pleasant and interesting as to render him a most valuable companion; while his incorruptible integrity, his pure and unmixed principles, his honest, simple sincerity, his high and delicate honour, made him the best of friends.

His end is deeply to be deplored. The world frowned too coldly upon his hopes, and overpowered his feeling rather than his fortitude. In an unhappy moment of depression he sunk willingly into a premature grave. Neither sorrow nor reproach can reach him there. He was among strangers, on a journey to Philadelphia; no friend was nigh to cheer his sinking heart, and avert the awful resolve.—The manner of his death can never be approved by the Christian, or the Philosopher. But let those only decide upon it, who have known what it is to bear a life of mortification and disappointment, to see or fancy the portals of hope shut upon them, and no fair prospects beckon to go on, and his sentence will not be severe. The dull soul of apathy and the pampered favourite of wealth and fortune must not presume to judge a case, they can never feel.

May his spirit which left this world sad and sorrowing, shake off its depressing glooms as it rises to another, and be well received where unfading joys abound.

A NEW SCOTCH SONG.

Tune—"WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T."

We shall na' weep oursell to s ane,
Like Niobe, that's dead and gane,
Nor bleer our een out a' our lane,
But "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

Gie me a man, whase een can blink,
Whase heart is free, whase soul can think,
Whase clishmaclaver care can sink,
And "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

Let beauty's smiles illume the way,
The mirky glen through which we stray,
Thus may we live our little day,
And "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

When fortune shaws a scawling brow,
And lays our fairest prospect low,
As pleasure fades, let reason grow,
And "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

But when she glints wi' face serene,
And decks the warl' in gayest sheen,
We'll ay distrust the fickle Queen,
And "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

And when auld Death, wi' ruthless paw,
Shall clapperclaw us ane and a',
We maun submit to Nature's law,
And "*whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

The beauty of the following lines richly entitle them to a place in our poetick department. They were writen by the late Lyndon Arnold, Esq. of Providence, on the death of Mr. B. Marshall, late Tyler of St. John's Lodge in that place, who fell dead at the door of the Lodge, immediately on the last Brother leaving the room.

P. Friend.

With age, with want, infirmity opprest,
Death said to Marshall, "*thou shalt shortly rest;*
I see no reason for thy tarrying here,
But fear of me, and me 'tis vain to fear:
No wife remains with thee thy grief to share,
No tender infants to demand thy care;
Few are thy comforts, numerous are thy woes,
And few thy friends, but what the Lodge compose;
Say with one blow shall I thy soul release,
And send it joyful to the realms of peace?"
The sage reply'd, "These things, O Death, are true—
One boon I ask, and then submit to you;
Those genuine friends, those brothers of my heart,
Whom kind affection prompted to impart,
The means of living to my feeble age,
And still sustain me tottering on the stage;
This night in social brotherhood convene,
My wish, O Death, would lead me to the scene,
There when the Lodge in harmony shall close,
And each one hasten homeward to repose,
I'll wait thy coming, thy command obey,
And through thy regions meet eternal day."
'Twas Reason's claim, nor Death refus'd the grace,
But met him punctual at the time and place."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO THE MUSE.

Adieu, sweet Muse, no more thy aid I claim,
"Doomed to a fate that damps the poet's flame;"
No more to thee consume the midnight oil,

Or fondly toward Parnassus' summit toil,
No more wide ocean's rolling billows watch,
Or inspiration from the zephyrs catch;
Seek, in some shady covert, soft repose,
And pensive watch the golden evening close;
Nor view, while Night and solemn silence reign,
The lucid moonbeams tremble o'er the plain;
No more enraptured with Amanda stray,
Where Spring luxuriant strews with flowers the way:
With easy footsteps, pace th' enamel'd plain
Some gently rising hillock's summit gain,
Watch the grey morning chase the night away,
Hail the bright Sun and kindle into day.—
Adieu! soft swelling raptures of the heart,
Romantick joys we now forever part:
Chained to wealth's sordid, joyless, dull pursuit,
How ill with this your gentle pleasures suit.
No more the pensive poet's golden dream,
Must o'er my mind its soft effulgence beam:
But plodding care and slow pursuit of gain,
With sovereign sway, will o'er each moment reign,
Each thought must bend, each finer feeling bow,
Beneath the Tyrant's care-encircled brow.
While yet misfortune frowned, thus late I sung,
While Grief's dark clouds in dim perspective hung,
While yet this stroke in Time's dark womb concealed,
No curst attaint of foul disgrace revealed—
Disgraced by others' faults, and not his own,
Ah! wilt thou now thy votary disown?
Or wilt thou rather with poetick fire,
Fly to his bosom, and his soul inspire?
Inspire his mind with conscious honour's pride,
The sneers of folly, and of fools deride.
Chace hence Misanthropy's unhallowed train,
And give to blissful harmony the reign,
With tender care, thy every art employ,
And give his heart once more to beat with joy.
Then shall thy aid with rapture be confessed,
A soul relieved, and thou forever blessed.

LURCANIO.

The thought, which suggested the following Impromptu, addressed to a lady, who asked the authour, why Cupid was always painted blind, is borrowed from one of the modern Italian poets; which, I cannot now remember; Nor, if I could, have I at present, access to the volume; therefore cannot determine, whether it is an imitation or translation, or whether the substance of the last line only is borrowed. If such trifles are not below your attention, accept it, with the authour's assurance of respect and esteem.

Can *you* then ask, why tis we find
The God of Love is painted blind!
Because, dear maid, the only eyes
Which blooming Cupid e'er could prize,
Those eyes of soft cerulean hue,
Nature reserved and gave to you.

LURCANIO.

MERRIMENT.

A Sharper, who had pawned his hat, going out of church in the middle of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow, feeling his hat gone, cried, "They have stolen my hat." The sharper, immediately putting the hat on his head, and covering it with both hands, exclaimed, "Have they! I defy them to take *mine*."

EPIGRAM.

To a lady, who drew the Steel Pins from her bonnet in a thunder storm.

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair,
For fruitless and fond is thy toil,
Since Nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thy eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain—
For *Attraction* will always be thine.

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